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THE MAGAZINE OF MICHIGAN

Vol. 3, No. 3

March, 1931

15 Cents



When the Woods Reawaken

Courtesy Upper Peninsula Development Bureau

Beginning **"Rubber Lines,"** *by Myron David Orr*

A Mystery Romance of the Cass River Valley

Also in This Issue: "Michigan's Tax Labyrinth-II," by John L. Lovett;
and "America's Music Capital," by Chester Dorman Kelly

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The Magazine of Michigan

MARCH, 1931

"To Make a Great State Greater"

VOL. 3, No. 3

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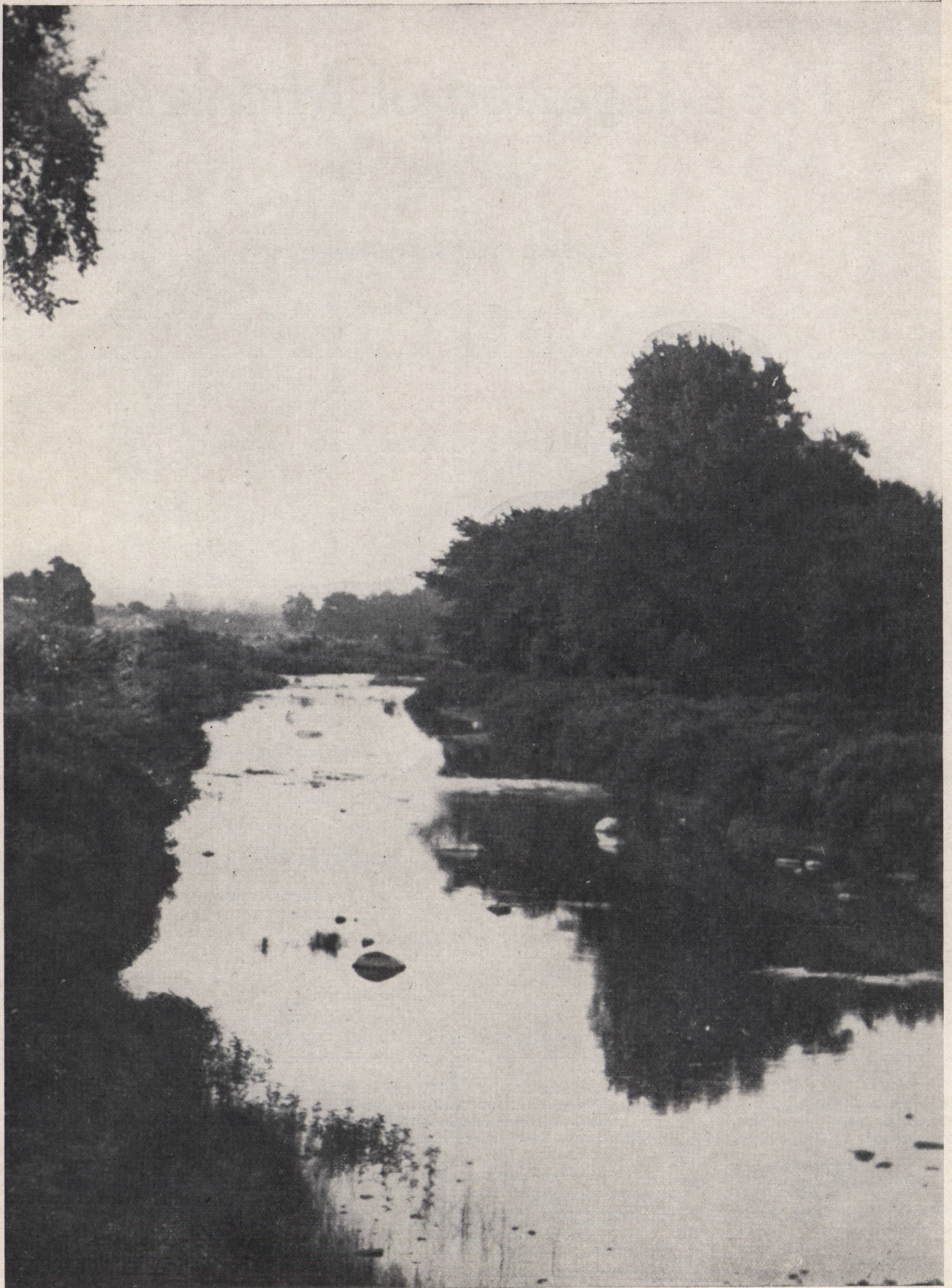
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The Cass River, near Caro, Michigan



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Rubber Lines

A Mystery Romance of the Cass River Valley

By Myron David Orr

FOREWORD

THE PHRASE "RUBBER LINES" has been commonly used to describe the wavy boundaries which separate tracts of land in the Cass River Valley, as well as elsewhere in Michigan. When the country was young and law observance depended mainly on men's consciences, those who logged off the timbered portions of Michigan often showed a convenient disregard for the surveyed boundary lines. This form of piracy was given a certain semblance of respectability by the ceremony of throwing an ax from the surveyor's stake as far as possible onto the adjoining property. The timber was cut as far as the spot where the ax had landed and then, if the timber farther on was desirable, the ax was thrown again. Finally, the stake itself was moved to the new location. Another method of encroaching on adjoining timber was made possible through the custom of measuring land by wagon-lengths. The convenient inclusion of the wagon-tongues made the measurements very elastic. Naturally, such unscrupulous practices gave rise to a great deal of intrigue and actual fighting, as various individuals and companies strove to gain the utmost advantage for themselves. These "rubber lines" were made permanent in the roads, which now weave back and forth and cross each other crazily, and

have no apparent connection with the original section boundaries.

All the characters of this story are actual people, who made up the pioneer population of Tuscola County. Of course, the names have been changed, but the incidents are actual facts, cemented together with necessary fiction. The material used is mostly from the records kept by the doctor who is portrayed as "Doctor Hurd."

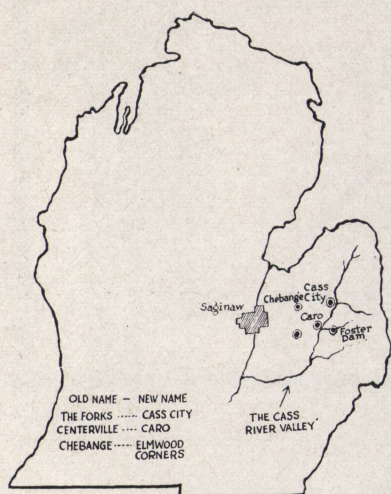
The names of the villages are the names used by the original pioneers and the descriptions are taken from word pictures painted by the folk lore of the country as handed down by the old-timers who are still living, and as I remember them from my youth. I have endeavored to portray this wonderful Cass River District in a living, breathing picture.

CHAPTER I

FORTUNATELY for Doctor Frederick Hurd, there were no calls to be answered. An evening of rest appeared to be possible. Outside, the shrill winter wind screamed and roared through the giant pines that held their heads proudly toward the heavens, and made gusts of smoke spring out of the fireplace into the living room where the doctor sat reading. Telephones were unknown, or if anyone had heard of them, they were immediately relegated to the



"Those who logged off the timbered portions of Michigan often showed a convenient disregard for the surveyed boundary lines."



impossible, so the chance of a call for a doctor was quite out of the question in such a blizzard.

The doctor's pipe had gone out as he alternately read and dozed by the fire, when suddenly he sat bolt upright and appeared to be listening. The Great Dane which had been sleeping by the doctor's feet sprang toward the door, then, as if struck by an invisible hand, crept whining into a corner.

With a more penetrating shriek than before, the blizzard seemed to rock the

house on its foundations and the fire in the fireplace suddenly blazed up from smoldering embers into a dazzling flame and as suddenly died. Almost at the same moment, the storm ceased and only a faint murmuring could be heard among the pines. The stillness of death gripped the entire house. The Great Dane crept forward and pressed up against the doctor's legs. Never before had he acted afraid, but now fear had completely cowed him. Even the doctor sensed something almost supernatural.

The dog was listening. With a whimper that sounded nearly human, he threw back his head and howled; not a howl of challenge, but one of fear, of loss and mourning, and yet so blood-curdling that the doctor himself shuddered with an unknown fear. The murmuring of the pines had ceased. The fire was now reduced to glowing embers and the taper by which the doctor had been reading had burned out. Darkness settled over everything.

A woman's scream pierced the stillness, once, twice, a third time, and then the storm broke again in all its fury. The dog was now no longer cringing, but was clawing madly at the door.

"Well, I'll be d—d," muttered the doctor half to himself and half to the dog. "What the d—I is a woman doing out at night in a storm like this?"

Hastily slipping into his overshoes and greatcoat, he opened the door and allowed the dog to go out. Before he had time to catch his breath in the blinding fury of seething snow, a sleigh drawn by two panting horses drew up at the door. A woman was driving and a man lay huddled in the box.

"Help, Doctor, he is dying," she screamed, and the doctor sprang into action.

Giving instructions to the woman to put the team in the barn, he picked up the man and carried him into the house. A weak, thready pulse told that there was life, yet the body was absolutely rigid so that it was nearly impossible to remove the clothing.

The doctor's wife had awakened and rekindled the fire in the fireplace. The warmth of the fire was evidently having its effect upon the man. His eyes opened, and searched in all directions, but there was not the least movement of the body.

"Well," began the doctor, "feeling better now?"

The man was trying to speak, and when he realized that he could not, fear, stark fear, wild and horrible, gripped his features.

"Can you hear me talk?" questioned the doctor: "If you can, wink your eyes."

The man winked rapidly.

The door opened, and the woman, preceded by the Great Dane, came into the room.

"Doctor, tell me! Will he live?"

"Really, madam, I am at a loss to say. Do you know what caused this condition of the body?"

"What condition, doctor?"

"He is paralyzed."

"Paralyzed? Oh, my God!"

"He is conscious, madam, but can not talk. Perhaps you can answer my questions."

"Oh, doctor, I just knew that something would happen! I knew it! I knew it!"

"I beg of you, madam, do not become hysterical! Tell me what you know about this."

"I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense! Tell me! Do not be afraid."

"Well, Henry, that is, my husband, has been having trouble lately and——"

With a peculiar little cough, the woman clutched her throat and sank to the floor. Her body twitched and jerked and the doctor, feeling her pulse, realized that the same thing was happening to her that had happened to her husband. She was becoming paralyzed.

"Speak to me!" commanded the doctor. "Tell me, before it is too late!"

Just a little gurgle escaped her lips and then she fainted.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" ejaculated the doctor. "This is a mess!"

The woman's pulse had stopped. She had died almost instantly. The man on the couch in front of the fireplace lay with open, glaring eyes. The Great Dane was standing beside him intently gazing into his face. The doctor turned his attention to them.

"What's the matter, Naylor boy?"

In answer came a mourning howl, a terrifying wail, blood-curdling and weird, from the depths of the forest, which was answered by the Great Dane.



"With a peculiar little cough,

"Stop it!" cried the doctor. "Lie down, and shut up. This is bad enough without you adding to it."

A greenish pallor had settled over the man's face. The doctor felt his pulse. It had stopped. Two small purple spots were becoming visible on his neck just below the ear. They seemed to be increasing in size, with a small brown spot about the size of a pin head appearing in the center.

"What do you think is the matter, Frederick?" inquired his wife.

"I'd give ten years of my life to know."

"Is it anything that might be contagious?"

"We're going to fumigate right now and investigate later," answered the doctor decisively. "I don't know what it is and I'm not going to take any chances. I wonder who these people are?"

Billy Henry, a colored boy whom the doctor had befriended, came downstairs. The whites of his eyes appeared to be twice their natural size.

"Doctah, did yo' all heah dat thing dat I jes' heerd?" he asked excitedly, and then, seeing the two people, fairly screamed. "Oh, Lawdy massa, is some buddy daid? I jes' knew dat some one wuz daid, 'cause when I heerd dat Naylor howl, I know dat some one suah had died."

"Don't get excited, Billy," said the doctor. "You go out to the barn and see what you can find in their sleigh. Bring everything you can find."

"But doctah, I'se in no condition to go out in de dark, 'specially on a night like dis! I tells yo' all, sumptn' ain't what it should be."

"Nonsense, Billy. Nothing is the matter. Don't get excited. These people are going to be all right," he lied. "You just go out and bring in all their things. They are only cold and will be all right as soon as they get warm. Now hurry."

"Well maybe things am all right, but I tells yo' all I don't lik' dis."

After Billy had been persuaded to go to the barn the doctor

and his wife lighted several sulphur candles and, closing all the doors, went into the kitchen. Mrs. Hurd knew from experience that it was better not to talk while the doctor was thinking and so busied herself making a pot of tea while the doctor paced back and forth across the kitchen floor, his hands behind his back.

"Heah's all I cud fin', doctah," said Billy entering with his arms full of luggage and blankets. "Dose hosses belon' tuh Marse Lawson at Centerville and dey's all sweat an' lather, so I put blankets ovah dem and giv' 'em sum hay."

"You said they belong to Lawson the livery man?" questioned the doctor.

"Yas, suh."

"Are you sure?"

"Yas, suh."

"I'm going to Centerville, Billy! Saddle 'Edith K.'"

"But Frederick, is it necessary that you go tonight? Why not wait until morning?" asked his wife.

"Elizabeth, I'm going to find out what there is to this mess if I have to ride all night. Lawson may be able to give me some information."

Hastily dressing, the doctor pecked a kiss at his wife's forehead and was gone. Billy came in, and Mrs. Hurd poured a cup of tea for him.

"Yo' all knows, Mis' Hurd, I'se suspectin' things ain't all right. Wot foah, did Marse Doctah wants to go out on a night lik' dis foah anyhow?"

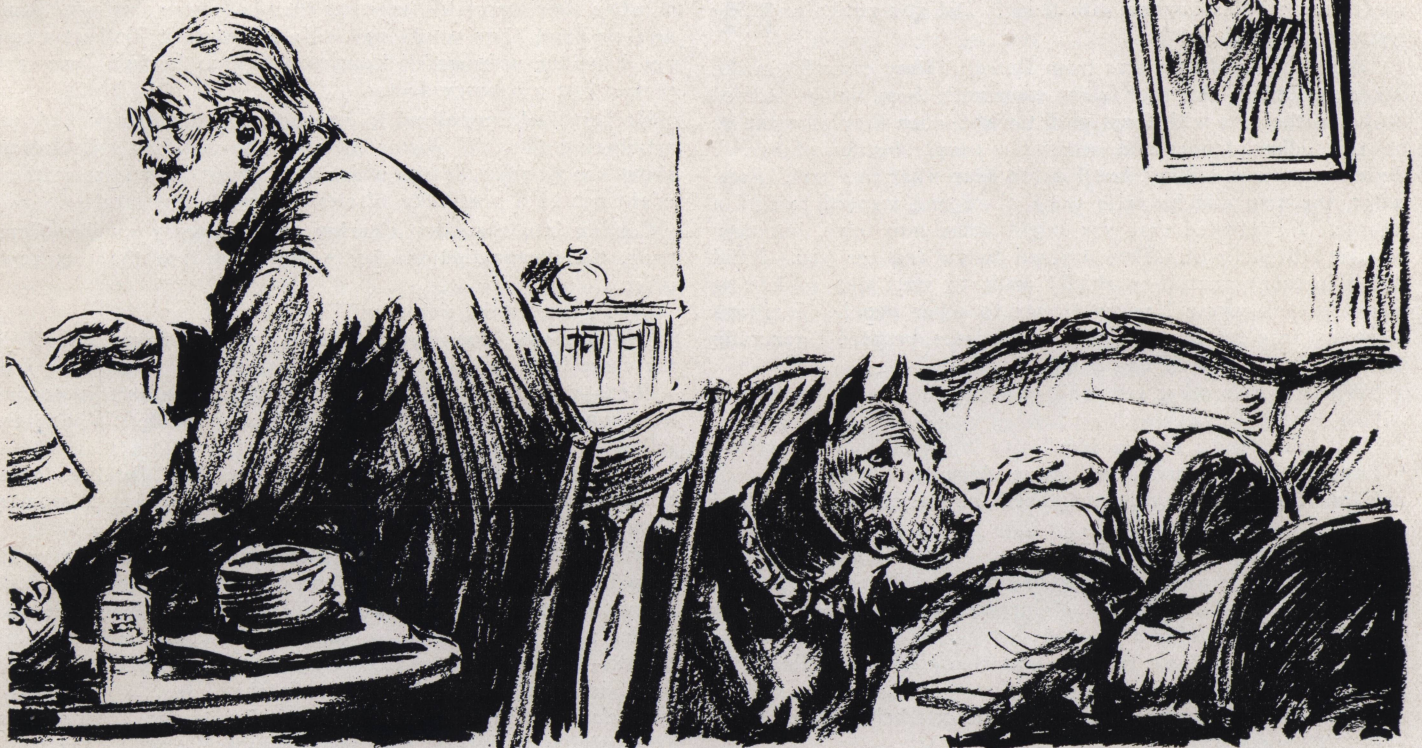
"A doctor has to do a great many things, Billy, that an ordinary person never would or could do."

"Well, I'se darn' glad I'se not a doctah."

When Doctor Hurd reached Centerville, it was well past midnight, and it was with considerable difficulty that he awakened Dick Lawson, the liveryman.

"What's the matter, Doc? Don't tell me you are answering a call on a night like this!"

"What do you know about that couple who rented your team?"



the woman clutched her throat and sank to the floor."



"A sudden, uncontrollable surge of feeling came over the watching man."

"What's wrong? Did the team run away?"

"Where were they from, and where were they going?" countered the doctor, without answering Lawson's question.

"They asked for a doctor, and I directed them to you. But what the d—l is the matter?"

"Plenty! They are both dead."

"What?"

"I said, they are both dead."

"How did it happen?"

"That's what I am here to find out. Did they say where they were from? Was anyone with them? Did you notice anything peculiar about them?"

"Well, they said they was from Detroit. They came in on the stage yesterday. Another fellow came with them, but he seemed to be on the outs with them until tonight when they all went up to this fellow's room and ordered a couple bottles of rye. I heard some loud talking, but I didn't hear what was said. Soon after, the man and his wife came down and wanted to find a doctor. I suggested that you might come into town, but they wouldn't listen to it. They wanted to go and see you. I did think it funny that they should want to start out so late at night, but of course I never dictate to other people. I always keep my nose out of other people's business, because I generally have plenty of trouble of my own."

"Where is this other fellow?"

"He is upstairs sleeping."

"Call him. We'll talk to him."

Lawson went upstairs, and came down immediately.

"Now what do you think of that!" he exclaimed. "The bird is gone."

"Gone?" questioned the doctor.

"Sure as you're alive. Not a hide or hair of him could I find."

"Huh," grunted the doctor. "Guess there might be more to this than we expect."

"Say, Doc, you don't suppose that this bird had a finger in the mess, do you?"

"Well, I'm thinking a lot. But that doesn't help matters right now. Where did this fellow come from?"

"By Jove, Doc, I forgot to ask him."

"Some day, Lawson, you'll go to sleep on a powder mine and when you wake up you'll find yourself in hell. As a detective you'd make a d—d good blacksmith. Good night!"

Slamming the door behind him, the doctor hurried over to the log jail, awakened the sheriff and told him the details of the deaths. The sheriff and his deputies found one of Dick Lawson's horses near Saginaw saddled and bridled on its way home the next day. However, the missing man could not be found.

The bodies were buried. The sheriff decided he would make a further investigation in the spring. The undertaker sent a bill to the county for services rendered, and the doctor sat by the fireside and read many books on poisons and their effects.

CHAPTER II

SOFT ZEPHYRS of the springtime whispered to the sleeping hearts of flowers. Hepaticas and anemones, the wind-blown sprites of the awakening, breathed a message of everlasting life, eternal in its beauty. They were the rainbows of promise telling that there is no death, but just a "resting sleep, to gain immortal peace."

Springtime passed and with it passed the memory of the winter night that had been so gruesome and mysterious. Now the roses were all in bloom and Herbert, Doctor Frederick's eldest son, was coming home.

The doctor mused as he drove along the winding trail beside the river. His thoughts traveled back to the time when Herbert was a little white-haired chap. He could even imagine the lad sitting on the old white horse as he used to do in years gone by. Now Herbert was a doctor, full-fledged, and ready to start out in the world for himself. The doctor remembered when he, himself, had started out to carve a niche in the world. High aspirations and lofty ideals were his, and now—well, he was just a country doctor, that was all. He had developed into a minister of mentality as well as a physical adviser. If there was no money—that didn't matter—people had to be taken care of when they were sick, whether they had money or not. Some day, perhaps, they would pay. He hoped that Herbert would not have the softness of heart to work as he had done, and remain just a country doctor.

Herbert had specialized in serums and bacteriology and, remembering this, the doctor made up his mind to tell Herbert about the peculiar deaths which had occurred and see if there might not be a possibility of clearing up the mystery.

Coming into the camp clearing of the Leary Lumber Company, the doctor tied the horse and went into the company's office.

"Well, who is the sick man?" he inquired.

"No one sick, doc, just a broken arm," answered Bill Cook, the camp boss.

"Let's go, then. I'm in a hurry today. Herbert is coming home and I want to get back as soon as possible. Who is the fellow?"

"It isn't a fellow, doc, it's a girl. Leary's daughter. Her horse threw her this morning. She's plucky for a woman. Doesn't whimper. Takes it like a man."

"Well, I'll be d—d!" grunted the doctor. "If women would keep in their own sphere and quit wearing pants, we wouldn't be running over hell's half-acre on some fool business like this. When a man gets hurt he gets it in his line of work, but women—bah! They are always trying to outdo the men. The result is a mess like this! Where is she?"

"She's in there, doc," said Bill pointing to the Leary cabin. Grumbling to himself, the doctor hurried over to the cabin and entered.

"I'm sorry, doctor, to disturb you like this," began the girl, "but I am suffering terribly with my arm, and if——"

"Yes, I know," broke in the doctor and he proceeded to make the examination. There was only a slight fracture of one of the bones, but the other was completely broken.

With the assistance of Cook, the doctor placed the bones in proper position, splinted the arm and bound it up. Not a word was spoken during the whole operation, but a different look had come over the doctor's face by the time he had finished.

Giving a few instructions as to care of the arm, the doctor picked up his case and went out into the office.

"What do you think about it, Doc?" inquired Cook.

"She's got more grit than most of them. She's got *breeding*. You can see that!" answered the doctor, half to himself and half to Cook.

"I meant the arm, doctor," replied Cook.

"Well, what if you did! I was talking about the girl," snapped the doctor. "Bill, the trouble with you male hyenas is that you see only what is skin deep. I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts, that you'd marry the first pretty face that smiled at you. You'd never inquire into her parentage or pedigree, would you?"

"I really hadn't given it any thought, doctor."

"That's it! You said it! You don't think! Let me ask you a question. What kind of horses have you here in camp?"

"Thoroughbred Hambeltonians! Bred from the finest English stock. None finer in this part of the country," proudly asserted Bill.

"Would you breed your mares to Jacques Lajoie's half-breed pinto stud?" questioned the doctor.

"I should say not!" exclaimed Bill in disgust. "What do you think I am? A d——d fool?"

"I don't know yet! I'll tell you later. Did you ever think that men and horses are both animals? That men are only a higher form of animal life? If breeding in horses counts, it will count with men. Think that over and when you choose a wife, choose one with a pedigree and your children won't be horse thieves or bank robbers. Good day!"

On the road home, the doctor entirely forgot the girl and her arm. His thoughts were for his son. He could see Herbert, a great surgeon, performing wonderful operations which would astound the world.

"Well, Frederick, dreaming again are you? Surely you must be losing your mind. This is the second time within the last twenty-four hours that you have driven into the yard without knowing it."

The old horse had brought the doctor home and was standing waiting to be unhitched when Mrs. Hurd, coming out to investigate the reason for the doctor's inactivity, found them there.

"Oh yes, to be sure, Elizabeth," stammered the doctor. "I was thinking. You see, Herbert is coming home."

"Just as though I haven't counted the hours and minutes. Why, you silly old goose, I knew what you were thinking of. Frederick, won't it be *wonderful* to have him home again? It seems only yesterday that I tucked him into bed and combed his little golden curls!"

"Now mother, you forget! He is a doctor and a grown man! You will make him feel foolish if you act like that."

"Oh! Are you a mother? Are you a woman? He is my baby. He will always be my baby, and I'll cherish the memory of his little arms around my heart as long as I live and neither you nor anyone else can take those memories from me. Shame on you! Put that poor horse in the barn and feed her right away before your own dinner is cold."

"Yes, Elizabeth," and the doctor who preached the supremacy of man bowed to the "hand that rules the world."



"The girl made a cameo-like picture, sitting so quietly and so sweetly in her rose-garlanded swing."

CHAPTER III

HERBERT ARRIVED by stage from Detroit at the old Exchange Hotel. The doctor had been called on a confinement case, and his wife had to meet the stage and bring Herbert home.

"Gee, but it sure is great to be back in God's country, Mom! What a relief from the grind and bustle of the city! Here it is peaceful and quiet and your faith returns, in knowing there is something worth while in life after all."

"Your father has been making great plans for your future, son."

"Dear old Dad! Always thinking of someone else! I never did understand Dad until just the last few years. You know, Mom, he doesn't mean half he says. He just tries to cover up his own feelings with a veneer of satire and irony."

"How I know it, Herbert! But I can bring him to time!"

"I'll say you can. I don't see how you do it!"

"You forget, son, that he still loves me!"

"Is that the reason?"

"Here comes your father, Herbert."

The doctor had not really slighted his confinement case, but he had been so near the line that it would not stand close inspection. There was a good excuse this time: Herbert was coming home and he must get back as soon as possible in order to lay plans for the future. He would not admit to himself that he really wanted to see his son because he was lonesome for him. That would be sentimental, and only women were sentimental. He told himself that it was of prime importance that a future should be outlined without sentiment; just a business proposition. He would show Elizabeth that he was not a

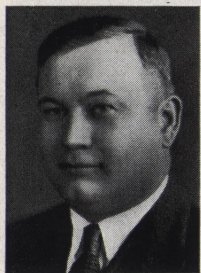
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Michigan's Tax Labyrinth—II

Not More Taxes, But Fewer Parts in Our Governmental Machine, Are Recommended

By John L. Lovett

General Manager, Michigan Manufacturers' Association.



JOHN L. LOVETT

MICHIGAN'S entire governmental machinery needs a thorough overhauling. It has too many parts. The taxpayers of the State would profit tremendously by simplification and elimination of government.

Michigan has too much government. It has more government today than it can afford to pay for. Its problem is not one of finding new ways to pay for the necessary governmental functions from the state down to the township or village, but of finding ways of eliminating the many

agencies required to perform the actual needs of government.

During the last twenty years, Michigan, in common with many of the other states, has seen a tremendous growth of paternalism in government. Many of these paternalistic measures have emanated from Washington. But, generally, there has been a public opinion that has asked more and more of government in order that they might do less and less for themselves. It is this desire of all groups to ask governmental funds to carry on activities which should be carried on by private funds that has made taxation a very pressing and perplexing problem.

The sins of the ballyhoo spender of public funds are now upon the people of the state of Michigan. The bond issues, the promotional and speculative developers, special assessments, the tax anticipation warrant, and other clever devices for increasing the finances of governmental units are now laid upon the doorstep of the taxpayers of Michigan—and "there they lay." Not only are the Legislature and various public officials confronted with how to get the money to pay for the ordinary running expenses of government, but they are further confronted with how to ease the burden sufficiently to keep from defaulting on this crop of prosperity taxes and bond issues. It is a serious situation, and it took a nation-wide depression to arouse the citizens of Michigan to the fact that the public officials had been spending public funds at a rate far beyond the ability of the taxpayer to meet these bills under any form of taxation.

The Legislature is asked to approve a bill to permit borrowing of funds against delinquent taxes. We are told that if this bill is not passed, schools will close and municipal and village functions will cease, and that even some counties are in this precarious situation.

The blame lies with the people generally. Specifically, it has been revealed that public officials can not withstand much

pressure even though it come only from subdividers of real estate. Generally, the situation reveals a weakness of public officials either through lack of experience or political ambitions.

Mr. Stanley Powell, in his article in the February issue of "The Magazine of Michigan," has pointed out some of the evils that have grown up. His remedy would be new forms of taxation and his complaint is the load which real property bears.

Mr. Powell and I are in agreement as to the situation. We are not wholly in agreement as to the solution.

Michigan's Constitution provides two methods of taxation: First, a tax upon real and personal property and, second, a specific tax or privilege fees for specific grants to particular businesses in the state, or for a specific purpose furnishing benefit to a given group of the state's citizens.

The general property tax is a basis of taxation in every state in the Union. No state with any other form of taxation has been able to take the burden from real property. No system that can be devised will ever take the burden from the property of the state of Michigan for supporting the various governmental functions. Michigan levied in 1930 for all purposes against general property a sum of \$264,611,000; and collected a total, including the property tax, of \$353,828,000. With the exception of twenty-nine and one-half million dollars, all of this money from property taxes went to the support of local activities from the county down to the smallest township or village. The state's share of the general property tax is approximately eleven per cent.

This is the second of a series of three articles on Michigan's complex tax problems. The first, by Rep. Stanley M. Powell, appeared last month, and was written from the standpoint of the rural citizens. The present article, by John L. Lovett, general manager of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association, is written more especially from the standpoint of the metropolis, and is based on many years of close observation of the workings of government, both as a newspaper man and as a representative of manufacturing interests. Next month Frank M. Sparks, editor of the Grand Rapids Herald, will take up the problem from the standpoint of the resident of a middle-sized city. The series is in no sense a debate, but a friendly discussion with a view to arriving at the best remedies in the interests of all the people.

The problem, then, for those who would improve the taxation situation in Michigan is primarily the revision of local government. There are too many public officials spending tax money. Michigan has eighty-three counties which expended in 1929, for road purposes alone, fifty million dollars. It has 1,268 townships, which expended in 1929 thirteen million dollars; and it has 6,878 school districts, which expended for school purposes approximately one hundred million dollars. There are sixteen officials for each of these townships, as follows: supervisor, clerk, treasurer, a commissioner of highways, an overseer of highways, two members of the board of review, four justices of the peace, four constables and a pound-master. Frequently there is also a township health officer and sometimes a township attorney.

The number of school board members averages about five throughout the state—so that we have a grand total of township and school officials, alone, of 54,578. This does not include the county government at all. It does not include

the public officials who run the cities and villages.

Obviously there can be no efficiency with 54,578 citizens having to do with the management of two of the smaller units of government in Michigan.

Incidentally, the cost of public schools is the cost that bears most heavily upon the rural taxpayer.

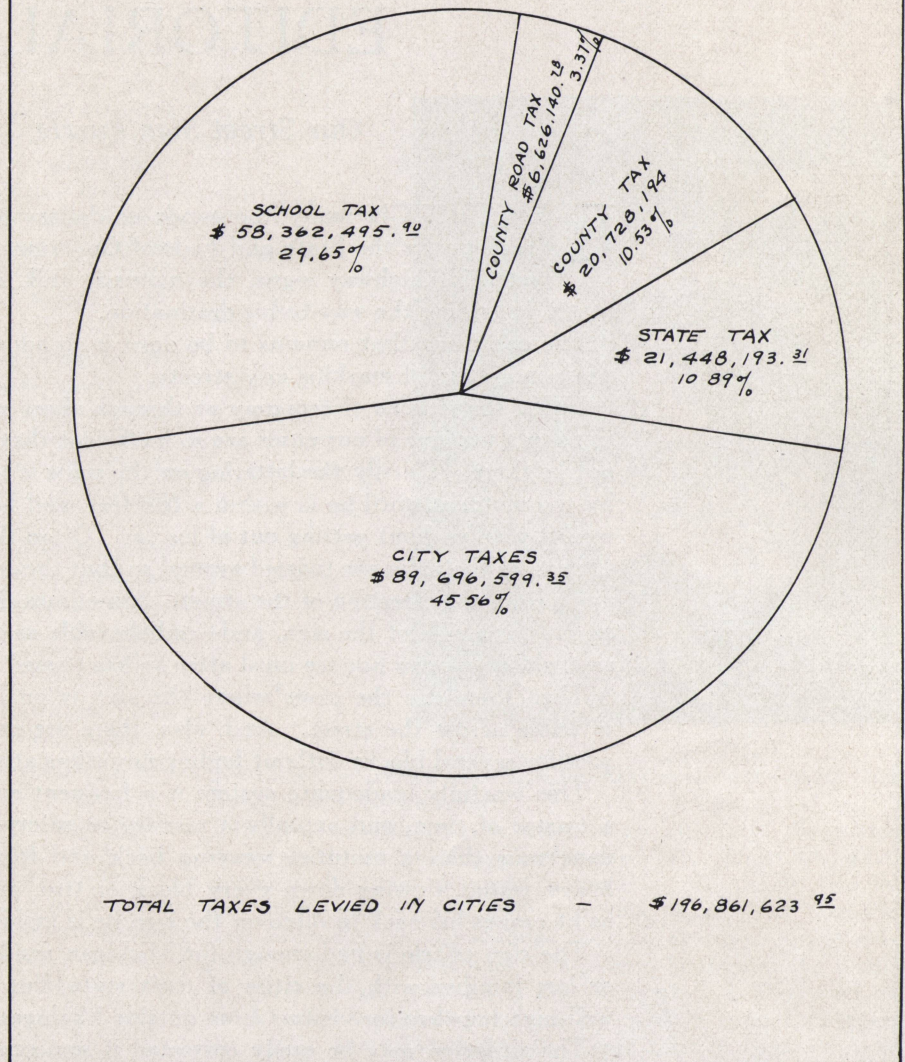
What is to be done? I have found a great deal of information and a great deal of sound judgment in the report submitted to the Governor by Mr. A. E. Petermann, Attorney for the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, Calumet, Michigan, and member of the State Commission of Inquiry into Taxation.

Mr. Petermann has analyzed the problems of the government of the state of Michigan in an admirable report and his recommendation is that the county be the smallest unit of governmental administration outside of the city and village. Mr. Petermann suggests eighty-three governmental units. There would be a county school system and a county highway system. These two functions would do away with most of the activities of township officials' work outside of assessing property. And certainly a much fairer method of property assessing would be obtained from a county assessor rather than from the present township supervisor method. It is no criticism of a township supervisor that he must feel the political pressure that can be brought upon him. A county assessor would be farther removed from this pressure and his valuations would be arrived at by the use of scientific methods of assessing property rather than by the political pressure method of assessing property. Mr. Petermann in his admirable report says:

"It is believed that more thorough investigation will demonstrate that the county unit approaches more nearly economical procedure in the expending of public funds than any other governmental unit. Ordinary county expenditures are under the control of the board of supervisors, composed of members elected one from each township in the county and one from each city ward. Several factors present in county management tend to curb extravagance. The county possesses a fairly serviceable accounting system. The supervisor is therefore enabled without too much effort to keep himself informed of the actual cost of maintaining and operating the various county departments. With exact, definite knowledge available, budgeting is much simplified and in the main is accomplished with considerable success. Furthermore, the actions of the board of supervisors are generally given a respectable amount of publicity and the individual supervisor is held to a strict accounting for his vote on appropriations by the taxpayers with whom he comes into close contact."

There are many in Michigan who advocate the abolition of the supervisor, and setting up instead a county manager or county commission form of government. Many states have that system now and, no doubt, that system will prevail in the end. It would well fit into any scheme of centralized government in the counties rather than in townships and school districts.

THE TAX DOLLAR - CITIES



A graphic picture of the way the tax burden hits the cities. The chart is taken from the report of the State Commission of Inquiry into Taxation.

A county system of government would permit a proper auditing by the proper state functionary, and eliminate opportunities for any wilful misuse of funds, as well as furnishing complete statistical information to the State government for the use of legislators or the public at any time.

Mr. Petermann makes the following comment in reference to townships:

"Township government in Michigan still exists in much of its original form. As a political unit it has been in existence as long as has the State. It originally filled a real need. Prior to the advent of the telegraph and telephone, steam and electric railroads, motor cars and good roads and adequate postal facilities, the county unit was too large to be administered efficiently. Furthermore, smaller units were needed to preserve a reasonable degree of local self-government.

"Changed conditions, however, have now seemingly eliminated the necessity for township government. The county unit

(Continued on page 22)

EDITORIAL

Our Street Sign Puzzle

EVEN THOUGH many thousands of dollars have been spent in Michigan by the State and Federal Governments in an elaborate system of highway signs, the motorist still is frequently check-mated in finding the way to his destination.

The one thing that remains to be done is to adopt an adequate and uniform system of marking city streets.

Either for reasons of economy or through sheer stupidity, the street signs in a number of our cities are so inefficient that they might as well not be there. Usually the lettering on the signs is too small to be read by the motorist until he is within a few feet, and he is lucky if he can read it then without getting out of his car. Often the signs are allowed to rust, or the poles are twisted around so that the sign points at a right angle from the direction of the street. Sometimes the lettering appears on only one side of the sign, and—unbelievable as this is—it is on the side which one can not see until after he has passed by!

Then there are the cases where the sign is on another corner and invisible across the street. And, alas, there are cases also where one goes for several blocks without finding any signs at all.

This woefully inadequate system is a frequent source of annoyance, a waster of time, and actually a menace to safety—for what is more dangerous than a motorist weaving back and forth in the midst of heavy traffic, slowing down every block or two, or suddenly turning, as he cranes his neck to discover the sign he is looking for?

The sign puzzle is bad enough for Michigan residents, who are more or less familiar with the cities of their state, but solving it becomes well-nigh hopeless for visitors from outside Michigan.

The situation may be easily corrected if someone will only lead the way. Perhaps a proper function of the State Highway Department would be to carry on a campaign of education and co-ordination with the cities. Or perhaps this is a task for the Michigan League of Municipalities.

At any rate the problem should not be looked upon as a minor one. Anything that impedes people in going from one place to another impedes progress. The amount of money that would be needed to give us an up-to-date system of street markings would be negligible compared to the benefits from it. What is needed, anyway, is not so much money as thought and planning.

Outdoor Michigan

The "Seven Sleepers" Are All Awake

By Jack Van Coevering

THE LAST OF THE SNOW BLANKET has been melted off the hills by the warming sun, but there is still a hint of winter's chill in the keen wind. Life is everywhere astir. In the swamps or wet meadows, the skunk cabbage blossoms yellow underneath its purple hood. There is an eager expectancy in the fields and woods. The ground is springy underfoot. Brooks are swollen with snow-water and the very air is filled with promises. This is March—or, as the Indians named it, the "wakening moon."

When the early hepaticas and arbutus are beginning to unfurl their buds, most of the animal family is wide awake and astir. In snug dens of their own choosing, the seven sleepers crawled away last autumn, safe from the snow and cold, curled up and a-doze, in the stupor of winter hibernation. By March, nearly every one of them is abroad, seeking food to round out starved bodies.

"The seven sleepers" is the name which folk legend has given to the odd band of animals which is supposed to sleep all winter. They are the jumping mouse, the chipmunk, the woodchuck, the skunk, the raccoon, the bear and the bat. The number seven does not begin to include all of the clan of wilderness creatures which spend the winter in such a lazy, but altogether satisfactory, fashion. Snakes, frogs, turtles and toads crawl away into the mud of a stream or into crevices or caves. Their temperature drops to that of the earth about them, and they pass the winter in complete torpor.

The animal sleepers are not so fortunate. They must make elaborate preparations: locate dens and gather food, which they place in storage for the winter or in deep layers of fat on their backs. Not all of them wait until the coming of the cold to go off into the long winter sleep. Last fall, the woodchuck was one of the first of the seven sleepers to creep away into his den. When the first maple leaf turned golden in late

The
raccoon—
must
the
senti-
mentalists
save
him?



September, he curled up, stuck his nose deep into his fur and settled down for the winter.

The woodchuck's sleep is the heaviest of any of the winter sleepers. He is completely dead to the world. Those who have sought to drag him forth and interrupt his nap, report that he may be handled with impunity and that he does not take the least interest in his surroundings. You might expect Mr. Woodchuck to arise early in the spring, since he applies the motto of "early to bed," but this is not so. A thaw in December or January will bring the bear and the raccoon from their dens, but not so the woodchuck. He sleeps through until the first part of February, and, on a nice warm day, he will come out of his den to seek his mate. This habit of his has given rise, of course, to the "ground-hog" legend, for "ground-hog" is just another name for woodchuck. When he awakens, Mr. Woodchuck is thin and gaunt, and he at once seeks out the tender dandelions and green grass, which must taste very good to him, indeed.

If the woodchuck is the first to den up in the fall, the bear is one of the last. The autumn crop of beechnuts keeps him abroad and even the first snowfalls do not drive him to his den. He seems to know that those first storms are merely passing affairs, and that the snow will be melted by the noon-day sun. But as the snow becomes more persistent, Mr. Bear makes tracks for the big swamps and does not come back. He has denned up for the winter. In January, Mrs. Bear becomes the mother of two or three bear-cubs. These are very tiny at the time, but the she-bear nurses her babies faithfully, and they soon grow to be strong and sturdy. The arrival of spring sees them able to follow her about. When the mother leads her cubs forth from the den, their period of training begins. She knows but one method of discipline, which is

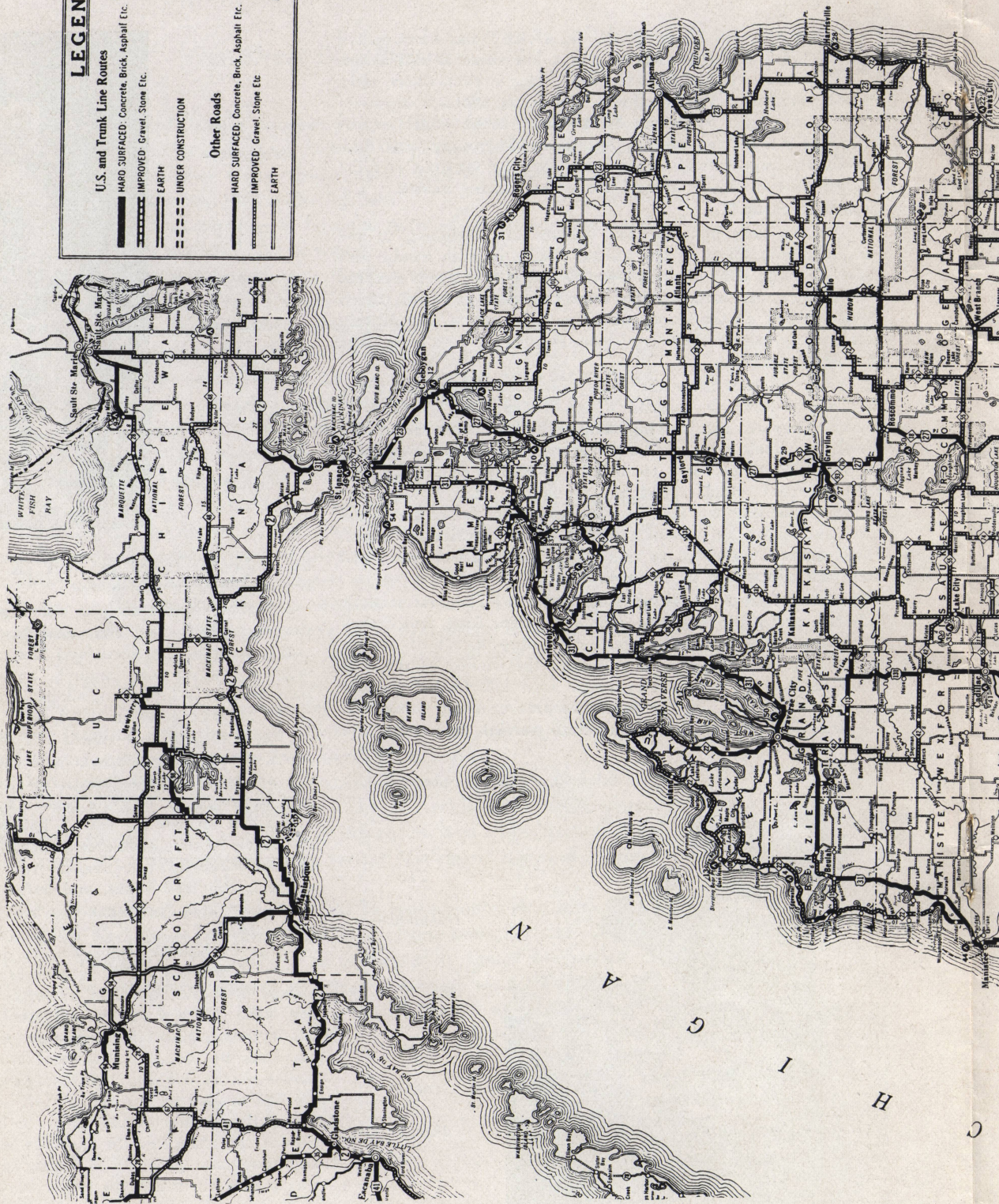
(Continued on page 24)



The
chipmunk—
he
sleeps
the
winter
through.

Official State Highway Department Service Map of Michigan

Lower Peninsula



LEGEND

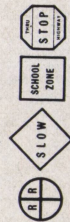
- U.S. and Trunk Line Routes**
- HARD SURFACED: Concrete, Brick, Asphalt Etc.
 - IMPROVED: Gravel, Stone Etc.
 - EARTH
 - UNDER CONSTRUCTION
- Cities and Towns**
(According to Population)
- Under 5,000
 - 5,000 to 10,000
 - Principal Cities
 - Under 20,000
 - Over 20,000
- Michigan State Trunk Lines**
- U.S. Interstate Highway
 - State Highways in adjoining states
 - See list for name and location
 - State Parks
 - Approximate Mileages
- Other Roads**
- HARD SURFACED: Concrete, Brick, Asphalt Etc.
 - IMPROVED: Gravel, Stone Etc.
 - EARTH



Official Highway Service Map--Upper Peninsula of Michigan



THE ROYAL
PART OF KENEDY CO.



MICHIGAN STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT
STRAITS OF MACKINAC FERRY SERVICE
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

LEGEND

U.S. and Trunk Line Routes
 (According to Population)
 ○ Under 5,000
 ○ 5,000 to 10,000
 ○ Principal Cities
 ○ Under 20,000
 ○ Over 20,000

Michigan State Trunk Lines
 15 Michigan State Trunk Lines
 27 U.S. Interstate Highway
 20 State Highways in adjoining states
 See list for name and location
 6 State Parks
 Approximate Mileages

Other Roads
 HARD SURFACED: Concrete, Brick, Asphalt Etc.
 IMPROVED: Gravel, Stone Etc.
 EARTH

UNDER CONSTRUCTION
 HARD SURFACED: Concrete, Brick, Asphalt Etc.
 IMPROVED: Gravel, Stone Etc.
 EARTH

Michigan Homes and Gardens

Rock Gardens Are Hard to Cultivate, But Their Beauty Is Ample Reward

By E. Genevieve Gillette



A single Dianthus.

K E E N enthusiasm for a new kind of gardening has spread over the entire United States in the last few years. People take a great many stones, put them together in a big pile, half-bury the pile with earth and insert some little plants in the mixture. Then, if they have done it correctly, the plants mostly cover the stones and the neighbors become green with envy because they, too, can not have a rock garden. It does not always occur to the amateur gardener that the science and art of rock gardening may be very complicated indeed and

the real place for rock gardens very, very limited.

Rock gardening, or "alpine gardening," as it is sometimes called, probably originated in Switzerland. In that land of high mountains and sharp valleys, there grows a class of interesting wild flowers. These flowers are most interesting, perhaps, because they have adapted themselves to their environment so beautifully and grow cuddled among the hard rocks where they bloom with unparalleled splendor. Their stems are extremely dwarfed and their root systems unusually developed. Their main purpose during their short life seems to be to flower beautifully and reproduce themselves, thus adding gayety and charm to an otherwise formidable picture. Small wonder that these fascinating plant forms should be left to spend their loveliness on the mountain slopes alone.

Just when rock gardening first came to America it would be hard to tell. We know only that the craze invaded England and France and all the other adjacent countries and found its way to America where it has gone like wildfire. With it, of course, has come a great deal of bad rock gardening and some that is very good. In the future, perhaps, we shall learn that all of us do not want to grow alpine plants, have no place to grow them and would not have the necessary patience, time or knowledge even if we cared to do so. Perhaps we shall learn, too, that many of us do not even have the stones. Just any old stone or cobble rock is not going to pass, in the long run, and many rock garden enthusiasts are finding that proper rocks are hopelessly expensive and hard to get. But every year we are learning! Rock plants are more intriguing, somehow, and appeal to a gardener's sporting instinct. They have a delicacy and daintiness which is certainly worth the effort and expense. They add variety and distinction to any garden and those who

are fond of rock gardens will find themselves more than amply repaid for the time and study required.

Rock gardens require uneven topography and a variation of ground levels. For this reason, many home owners can not have them. It is a mistake to throw a pile of rocks against the family garage, add some dirt, plant the heap with seeds and give the whole the dignified name of rock garden. If people whose property lies on perfectly level ground feel the need of rock gardens, they should find occasion to build a stone wall and grow their rock plants on it. Even a walk of broken stone can be induced to grow quite a harmonious collection of the rock garden type.

Hillside Is Best Site

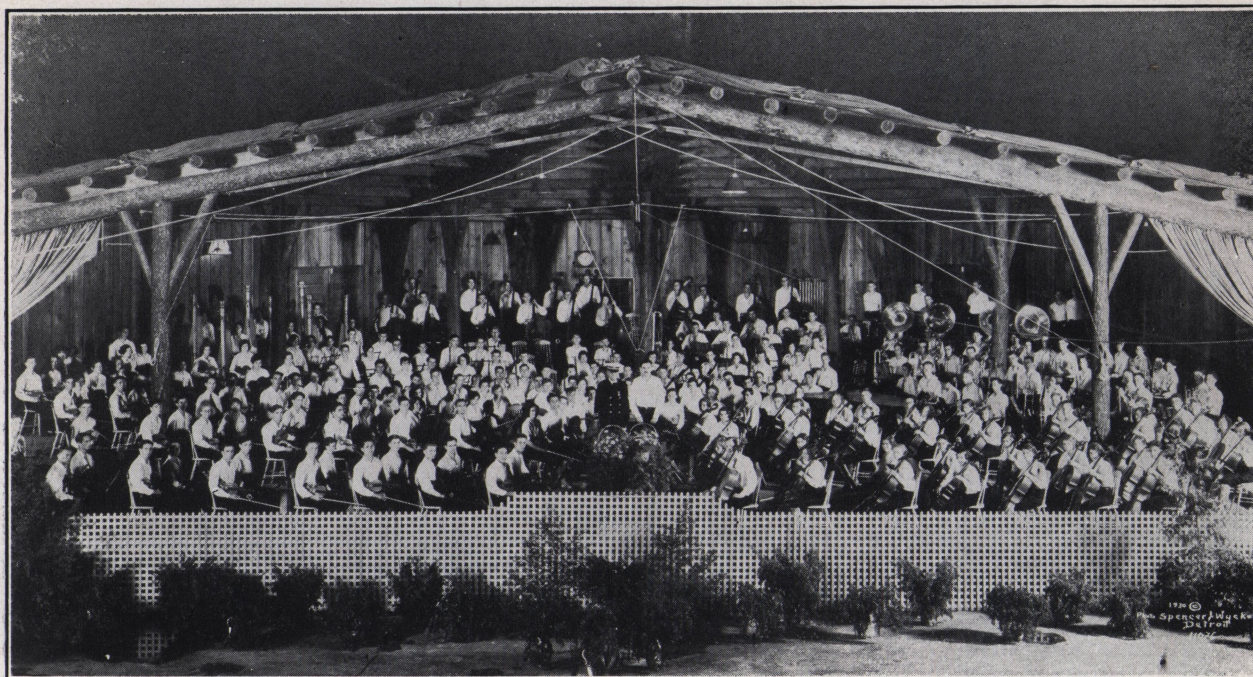
A ravine or hillside is the ideal site for rock gardening. Alpine plants require good drainage. In their native haunts they grow in black or sandy soil that is porous, absorbing the moisture stored in the rocks about them, or taking in the heavy mountain dews which descend during the nights. So, the ravine or hillside provides excellent drainage, and the presence of a small stream or tumbling waterfall only adds to the natural beauty and helps complete the picture. The rocks should be strewn with a studied care, so that it looks like careless abandon. The larger rocks should be placed towards the bottom and the smaller ones nearer the top. A short study of stony ravines or hillsides in the neighborhood will soon tell how the rocks may best be placed. Obviously, they must look natural. Steps winding up and down and in and out, on the slopes, are excellent aids, as they help harmonize the design and make possible a close inspection of the plants, which are usually delicate and small.

Rocks suitable for rock gardening are of two kinds: limestone rocks and granite rocks. The kind selected is most important as some plants will not grow well in limestone rocks and others will not do well in granite. Other plants are not as particular and tolerate either, but it is evident that the rocks

(Continued on page 23)



One of the many varieties of pinks so useful for rock gardens.



National High School Orchestra, with Sousa, 1930.

America's Music Capital

1,500,000 High School Boys and Girls Look to Interlochen,
Michigan, As Their Goal

By Chester Dorman Kelly

A SUMMER CAMP in the northwestern part of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan is the focal point and coveted goal each year for more than 1,500,000 boy and girl musicians in the United States, who constitute the membership in 45,000 high school orchestras and 30,000 high school bands.

What are these children working for? What is their incentive and what is their reward? The answer to these questions lies in the word "Interlochen." There, between the waters of Lake Wah-be-ka-ness (Water lingers) and Lake Wah-be-kanetta (Water lingers again), is situated the National High School Orchestra and Band Camp, one of the most important institutions that has ever been conceived in the cultural life of this continent.

The purpose of this camp is to bring together, for eight weeks of intensive musical training, the best talent that the United States can produce. Foreign critics, who have for generations dismissed America with the smart quip, "What can you expect of a country that has no *music*?" are now answered.

The leaders of the National High School Orchestra and Band Camp have gone to the high schools for their students, selecting the best player or players, training them and sending them back to contribute substantially to the musical life of their own communities. It is evident that Europe has ceased to look upon this country as one which lacks the saving grace of music, because hundreds of requests have come from abroad asking that the National High School Orchestra be sent across the Atlantic and, by its example, aid in establishing similar orchestras in the schools of Europe.

This is the first time that Europe has asked for help in music. The school orchestra is distinctly an American product and as such has attracted world-wide attention. In response to the requests, plans are being laid for a summer tour of England, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland, as soon as the funds are available.

Within the space of three years, the national music camp, in Northern Michigan, has proved to the world that there is music in America, that it is good music, and that it comes from the hearts of a million and a half boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and nineteen.

"EACH SCHOOL that is interested in sending music students to the National Camp sends in an application containing the recommendations of all the officials of that school as to the character of their candidate, his or her loyalty to the local music organization, and his or her musicianship," said Prof. Joseph E. Maddy, of the School of Music at the University of Michigan, president and founder-in-chief of the camp. "These schools usually enroll their best student or best two students. If these youngsters can meet the requirements of the camp, they are asked to list five of the most difficult music or solo studies they have accomplished recently. They are also requested to list five of the most difficult selections their orchestra or band has played recently. We learn, from what they consider difficult, whether or not they are qualified to enter the camp.

"Loyalty to the local music organization is an absolute essen-

tial to admittance at Interlochen. That is why we require the endorsements of superintendents and principals. The conceited students who are too good for their own schools would soon become too good for us. We want only unselfish ones whose interest is more in their music than in themselves, for all those who come to work with us are expected to go back and work for the musical and cultural advancement of their communities.

"On June 28, 1931, about 300 of the finest musicians now studying in high schools will gather at Interlochen for the opening of the fourth National High School Orchestra and Band Camp. By Monday morning of that week, the three major activities—orchestra, band and chorus—will have been organized and in full swing. By Tuesday, both majors and minors will be at work. A visitor arriving at camp on Wednesday will probably imagine we have been going 'full blast' for months."

The major groups take two hours a day for practice, and each of them gives its first performance in concert on the following Sunday after arrival. The minor groups include harmony, composition, orchestration, conducting, beginning classes in all instruments, including the harp and the piano, drum-majoring, opera, ensemble and private lessons. Each student may select one major and three minors or two majors and two minors. The major groups meet every day, six days a week, plus extra sectional rehearsals taught by symphony men. The minors meet every day but Monday.

Never Want to Stop Practicing

Monday afternoon is a recreation half day during which no music is allowed. The students average ten hours a day of practice, and the hardest job the camp leaders have is to force them to take two hours off each day for recreation. If undisturbed, the students would practice all day long.

The band and the orchestra are separate organizations, but many students play in both. The average size of the orchestra is 250, while the band usually has 150 members and the chorus 100.

"The chorus period is divided into two sections," continued Dr. Maddy. "One hour a day is devoted to opera production and another to unaccompanied (or a *capella*) choral work. We produce one opera each summer. Last year's selection was 'The Mikado.' Also, we invite the church choirs of Michigan to come to the camp one Sunday each summer and join in the performance of oratorio. Last summer's oratorio was Handel's 'Messiah,' and, for 1931, we plan to give Haydn's 'Creation.'"

"During the summer there are programs nearly every night

at Interlochen Bowl. The balance of our concert time is taken up by the regular symphony programs on Sunday afternoons and evenings, the popular band and orchestra recitals, programs of original compositions by the students and sight-reading concerts. These sight-reading concerts are given on two nights each week, when the students gather and play music they have never seen before.

Sousa Writes March for Camp

"On Sousa Day, last year, we had a band of 600 players from all the high schools in Michigan. In 1931, we expect to have 2,000 students in a massed band on this great day. It will be composed of band members from the central states, north of the Ohio and Missouri rivers. The only qualification necessary for admittance to this group is that the students learn ten Sousa marches which we have prepared for them. When they arrive at Interlochen, they will be instructed in a new march called 'The Northern Pines' which Lieutenant-Commander Sousa has written for the camp and which will be played for the first time on this occasion. Sousa Day will be either the third or fourth Sunday in July this year. This hearty 'dean of bandmasters' spends a week with us and seems to enjoy it.

"Our guest conductors donate their services and pay their own expenses to and from the camp as well as while they are here. It shows how much these men are interested in the future of music in America.

"Compositions are the marvel of the camp. Many youngsters who have never had any training in musical composition or theory turn out complete compositions for orchestra or band or chorus, during their eight weeks' stay. Last summer, the winner of the composition contest, Lee Briggs, a bass clarinetist from Asheville, North Carolina, conducted the orchestra in playing his composition. He had the distinction of sharing the dais with the composer, Percy Grainger, who personally conducted the evening's program, made up largely of compositions of his own. At the conclusion of the boy's piece, Mr. Grainger rushed upon the stage and congratulated him.

"I wish I could write something like that," was his hearty comment.

"Lee has written trunkfuls of music this winter.



Above—Even the walls of Jericho might have fallen before a blast from these instruments.



At left—Girls of the camp engaged in their morning exercises—it isn't far from here to the breakfast table.

"It is usually considered an achievement for a college student who has majored in composition to perform such a feat at the end of his college career. Briggs did it at the end of eight weeks."

A Practical Joker

Mr. Giddings, vice-president and disciplinarian of the camp, is called "Old Stone Face" by the students. Paradoxically enough, he is also instigator of most of the fun at Interlochen. Discipline is one of the prerequisites of life at the music camp and all students are enjoined to pay strict attention to everything that is said to them. The purpose of this is not idle submission to authority, but rather that they should become efficient in all their work. Mistakes are glaring and irretrievable on the concert stage. For this reason, the boys and girls are very willing to submit to any kind of discipline that will bring better results in their music.

One morning Mr. Giddings was standing near the entrance to one of the practice rooms as several girls arrived for practice about a quarter of a minute late.

"Good morning, girls. I see you are late," said he. The girls said nothing.

"Well, the orchestra pit needs sweeping, girls," continued the disciplinarian. "I'll see all of you at 8:30 tomorrow morning."

Promptly at 8:30 the next morning, the girls arrived at the orchestra pit, each with a broom, all ready to start cleaning up. Mr. Giddings arrived on the scene and with apparent loss of memory asked what the brooms were for. He was told that he had ordered the girls to sweep up the orchestra pit at that hour.

"What?" he cried, "I told you to sweep up the pit?"

"Yes, sir! You certainly did," replied the girls, in chorus.

"New tell me, Evelyn, just exactly what was it I said yesterday morning?"

"You said we were to clean up the orchestra pit this morning at 8:30."

"And you, there, what did I say?"

"That's what you said, sir!"

"So you are agreed that that is what I said, then?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You are all wrong. I said merely that the orchestra pit needed sweeping and that I would see you at 8:30 this morning. I have seen you. Good morning!"

The girls never missed a word that was spoken during the remainder of the summer.

On another occasion, eight boys were given the job of running the entire camp because of some minor infraction of the rules. After one day's possession of the reins of government, they relinquished this honor in favor of being well-governed.

Foundations Are Assisting

New features will greet the students in 1931. More financial backing will be one of the most welcome of these. The Carnegie Foundation, the Eastman Foundation, the Presser Foundation, of Philadelphia, and the Juilliard Foundation, of New York City, will all help the camp in every way possible.

Guest conductors for the 1931 season will include many names from last year, but will also bring new ones to the camp. Henri Verbrugghen, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Eugene Goossens, now conductor of the Rochester Symphony Orchestra, who will be conductor of the Cincinnati

Symphony next year; John Philip Sousa; Howard Hansen, composer, and director of the Eastman School of Music, at Rochester, New York; Leo Sowerby, of Chicago; and Edgar Stillman-Kelly, of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, will all be present as guest conductors.

Broadcasting this season will be over the National Broadcasting circuit, and programs will be given on week nights, instead of on Sunday nights as last year.

Alumni Camp to Be Added

An alumni camp will also be a new feature of the 1931 plans. This camp will take in former members of the camp and the National High School Orchestra, and a few supervisors who play. It will have a limited membership of 100. The members will be housed in modern dormitories, twelve students to a cottage, and their program will closely parallel that of the High School Camp, though the two groups will not mix in any classes. These older boys and girls will receive college credits for their work, through arrangements being made with the University of Wisconsin and other colleges.

Another feature will be laboratory courses in acoustics, conducted by John Redfield, of Columbia University, assisted by engineers from the makers of musical instruments.

The 1931 camp will include students from several states not represented during the first three years of its existence. Among these will be two young people from the Canal Zone.

Attendance at concerts given in Interlochen Bowl averages 5,000 for a week and 40,000 for a summer. The price of admission is fifty cents and tickets for fifteen concerts may be bought for \$5.00. The greater part of the audiences come from distances of more than fifty miles.

"Without exception," said Prof. Maddy, "the students think that our camp is the most wonderful experience of their lives, both musically and in general. To me, it means the realization of an ideal to make music the universal hobby of the American people, at a period when leisure-time activities are coming to mean so much to our social existence. The incentive of the camp carries through to students in the most remote sections of America, for admittance is open to any who can qualify through industry and perseverance, regardless of where they come from, who their teachers are or any other influence.

Incentives All Along the Line

"Many thousands of children, of ten years or less, are studying music diligently, in the hope of getting into the National Camp when they reach high school age. Their older brothers and sisters have gone back and told them of it, or they have heard of the wonder of such music training from their grade teachers.

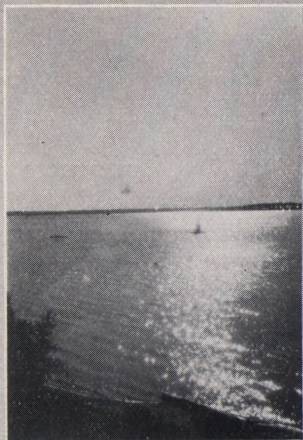
"One of the great blessings that have come from the realization of this ideal is that it has taken away the deadening influence of unmotivated music study in the schools of the country by providing a series of incentives all along the line, from all-county orchestras, choruses and bands, through similar all-state groups, to the National.

"Probably the finest thing that comes out of the camp, however, is character development and the training for leadership. These youngsters are interested in all kinds of things outside of their music and one of the first things we do is to teach them to find themselves and to determine how they are going

(Continued on page 24)



Atsushi Iwanaga, of Honolulu, presents Dr. Maddy with a lei.



Moonlight



Wahbeka netta



Wahbeka ness



Pines



At Anchor



Boys Pier



Back of Bowl



More Pines

Interlochen Is a Setting of Natural Beauty

Rubber Lines

(Continued from page 7)

sentimental old fool underneath his hard-boiled exterior. He had planned exactly how he would meet his son: a warm clasp of his hand, an inquiry of health and then a heart-to-heart talk of plans for the future. His pulse was beating rapidly, much too rapidly he thought. Long hours and the need of rest were the cause, no doubt.

Even the horses seemed to be in a hurry to get home; he did not realize that he had been urging them onward unconsciously.

Home at last. Yes, Herbert had arrived. There he stood in the doorway, a handsome specimen of young manhood and clean living, emanating all the personality of years of good breeding. A surge of pride welled up in the doctor's heart. Bringing his horses back on their haunches, the doctor drew up to the house.

"Hello, son!" he said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Dad! You old quack," yelled Herbert and, with one bound, grabbed his father and gave him such a hug that the old doctor was completely taken off his feet. Herbert whirled him around and around. Gone was dignity, gone was haughty reserve, gone was the carefully planned meeting. Father and son were themselves.

The doctor was noted for his wrestling prowess and it was a terribly undignified pair of doctors of medicine that pulled and twisted, squirmed and turned and tore up Elizabeth's new flower beds in a wild scramble, each trying to best the other. At last the doctor caught his son unawares; a great thud and Herbert was on his back with the old doctor grinning with complete contentment down into his face.

"You thought you could put your old dad on his back, did you? Well, you'll need four more years of the college of hard knocks before you can do that, son," panted the doctor.

"I quit, Dad!" And, arm in arm, they went out to see the new colt that had just been born.

"Sentiment!" stormed Elizabeth, trying to straighten her flower bed. "Look at my flowers!"

CHAPTER IV

THAT EVENING, the doctor told Herbert about the peculiar deaths which had occurred and how there had been no solution of the mystery. All efforts to trace the man last seen with the deceased had been futile, he said.

"There is an East Indian poison, which completely paralyzes a person and from your description of the conditions, I am of the belief that perhaps it might be that," asserted Herbert. "I only wish that I had been here at the time. I should have analyzed the stomachs."

"I preserved the stomachs," answered the doctor. "I thought that some day when I had plenty of time I would make a complete analysis, myself. I put them up in alcohol."

"Great! This poison is not soluble in alcohol, and if it is what I think it is, we'll know where to start operations."

"By the way, Herbert, I wish you would take care of a case over at the Leary camp on Cass River tomorrow morning.

A woman broke her arm. Nothing serious. Just look it over and see that she isn't worrying."

"Is she young, medium or old, pretty or otherwise?" bantered Herbert.

"Now see here, son! I want you to understand that people in this neck of the woods are respectable and you are to treat them as such. Always remember you are the doctor! You are not in college any more. You are going to be put on a pedestal by your patients. Your word is going to be their law. You will minister not only to their physical ills but to their mental complexes as well. They are going to place their trust in you. When they are sad, it is for you to smile, no matter if your own heart is being torn asunder. When they are gay, you must be gay. When they call you, you must go. Herbert, my whole life has centered in you. You are the one to carry on! I've wished perhaps that you might have it easier than I, but the more I've thought it over, the more I know we all must carry on. These people need us. It is a part of our duty to society to give our lives to the service of others. Herbert, there is nothing greater than to help bring a tiny mite of flesh and blood into being and then to guard it carefully against the pitfalls and diseases of mankind and finally see it grow into maturity upright and healthy; a just credit to your skill and perseverance. How they will worship you! How they will look to you for all kinds of knowledge! You will be the 'oracle supreme.'"

"I've thought of that, Dad."

"No doubt you have, son, but in the years to come you'll think of it a great deal more. Ideas which you now think good will be discarded for ones substituted through practical experience. I'm getting old. I need you, son. I can not carry on alone much longer, but, with your help, I know we can do our duty toward our fellow men without 'material injury to ourselves.'"

"I'm glad you feel like that, Dad. I've always wanted to be like you. And I know that I'm going to be content to stay here and work hard, for I hate cities, with all their rush and bluster."

Herbert glanced at his father, admiringly, and then turned to contemplate the glory of the woodland scene before him. The swaying of the pines and the music made by the wind as it passed through the forest soothed his tired soul like the balm of Gilead.

"I hate the daily sameness of man-made things," he said, more to himself and to the trees than to his father. "Out here it seems just like a part of heaven. It is a part of heaven!"

The old doctor observed his son keenly but made no comment. He was rejoicing in gaining an insight into his son's deep nature. Herbert had almost completely forgotten his father's presence and, with an impulsive gesture, he flung out both arms, as though in supplication to an invisible deity.

"What cathedral is as great and holy as the Cathedral of the Pines?" he cried. "What organ plays as sweetly as the whispering zephyrs upon the silvery leaves of the willow and the birch? What symphony is as great as sparkling waterfalls accompanied by the fluted notes of the golden thrush, the call of whip-poor-wills at evening? No mortal artist could con-

ceive the art of God in its originality. No human could construct the stately edifice, the heavens, supported by the mighty unseen strength of life itself."

"I hoped you would want to stay, son, but I did not know. I thought it possible that the city life might have appealed to you more than this but I see quite clearly now that it has not. I am satisfied."

CHAPTER V

THE NEXT MORNING, Herbert went over to the Leary camp, on his first professional visit. He had not given much thought to the patient. All he knew was that a woman had broken her arm.

Herbert was met by Bill Cook, whom he had known since childhood. Bill was somewhat older than Herbert, but there had always been a warm friendship between them. They had hunted and fished together. They had run a trap line which had made a nice profit for both of them. Both liked the outdoors. Bill had stuck to it, but Herbert had gone to college and so their lives had been turned into different channels.

"Well, Bill! You old high-binder," greeted Herbert, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I'm just the camp boss. How's everything?"

"Just fine! Say! you haven't changed a bit!"

"Haven't I? Well *you* have," quietly.

"What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

"Sure! Tip top!"

"You don't seem glad to see me, Bill."

"Sure, I'm glad to see you. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Bill, if you could only know the many times I've thought of you and the good old times we had together."

"You could have written."

"Yes, I could, but a doctor's course is no snap. I hardly ever wrote home unless it was absolutely necessary. I hate to write."

"I suppose you came to see the patient?"

"Yes, Dad asked me to come over. Now look here, Bill Cook, something is the matter! I know it! Something is on your mind. Say—just because I didn't write—does that make a difference in our friendship?" questioned Herbert.

"Well—" Bill hesitated.

"Out with it, you old buzzard. Tell me what's eating you."

"Well, you are an educated man. I'm still just a—well, just a hill-billy."

"Listen, you old devil! How do you get that way? What ever put such a fool idea as that into your head? Why, Bill, you make me feel like the d—l, talking like that!"

Bill stopped and looked searchingly into the eyes of Herbert, then a grin spread over his features. Herbert grinned back. "I'm sorry, Herb," he said.

"You should be! Furthermore, we're going fishing this afternoon. Not a word! 'We're going fishing,' I said, and the yeas have it. By the way, do you suppose those pike are biting like they used to?"

"The pike have gone down the river, but the red-horse are just aching to be invited to our party. I got ten yesterday down by the mill dam."

"Suits me," agreed Herbert. "It will

be fun even though we do choke to death on the bones."

"Cut off the tail and the bones are gone," answered Bill.

"I wouldn't mind a quail pie, either," suggested Herbert.

"Bring your gun and we'll try our luck."

"Remember the time, Bill, when we went over to Foster Dam and the river came up and caught us on the other side?"

"Sure! And do you remember how you thought that you could ride a log across the river, and the log didn't have a belly in it and dumped you off?"

"You didn't do any better," remarked Bill, slyly.

"I know that, but if I hadn't let you come over to my place and dry your clothes your Ma would have given you the d—!"

"The only reason you got out of it was because your folks were away!" retorted Bill.

"Gee! Those were the real days!" said Bill, just a little sadly. "And Herb, do you remember the time that dude easterner came up from York State and tried to show off?"

"I'll say I do! I'll never forget the time they sent him after a cross-haul and he hunted all day trying to find one."

"He never really got over it when they took him out and showed him a skidway for logs and told him that there was his cross-haul."

"And do you remember the time when we got some of the Indians to tog up in feathers and gave him a real wild-west scare?" said Herbert.

"Sure I do! And the darned horse he was riding got scared of the guns and took him all the way to Centerville and brushed him off with the barn door at Dick Lawson's livery barn."

"I guess it was a toss-up who was more scared, the horse or the dude," laughed Herbert.

"And do you remember how your dad hypnotized him at the school house and made him think he had bees in his pants?"

"Do I? I'll never forget it. He nearly had his pants off before dad could stop him! Gee, but the crowd sure did howl!"

"Say," broke in Bill suddenly, "did you come here to see me or the patient?"

"The patient, Bill!" cried Herbert. "I will demonstrate my first case, to your utmost satisfaction. Bill, you now see your old side-kick display the same technique and sangfroid he used when snapping the muskrat's neck. Lead on! I follow!"

"Sure," smiled Bill. "She's in there," and motioned toward the back room.

Herbert, medicine case in hand, squared his shoulders, drew down his face into a severe and uncompromising shape, and entered the back room. There was not much light, and at first Herbert was not able to see distinctly. In a moment, however, his vision focused better and a mingled look of surprise and inquiry came over his face.

"Oh!" he stammered. "I beg your pardon, but I was looking for a woman."

"Really? Well, what do you call me?"

"Oh, I meant an old woman—an old woman—you know what I mean, one with a broken arm."

"Do women have to be old to have broken arms?"

"No, oh, no, of course not, that is, I

mean, why—well, the woman is old and she has a broken arm."

"Who told you the woman was old?"

"Well—really now, I forgot—I guess no one told me. But, she has a broken arm."

"I have a broken arm."

"You have?"

"Yes, and may I inquire who you are?"

"Why, yes, of course. I'm—my name is Hurd. I'm Doctor Hurd, Junior."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Katherine.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing at all. I was just surprised."

"Why surprised?"

"Well you don't look at all as I had pictured you."

"You—pictured me?" questioningly.

"Certainly! Don't you make mental pictures of people you hear about?"

"Yes, sometimes. How did you picture me? As a gorilla—?"

"Not exactly."

"Now is that nice?"

"A gorilla?"

"No! I mean, what you said!"

"I think, doctor, you had better examine my arm."

"Yes, yes, most certainly."

Herbert was embarrassed. His bragadocio had completely disappeared. He fumbled awkwardly with the splints and bandages, while Katherine looked on, an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"You are not as clever as your father, are you, doctor?" she ventured.

"Well, when I have had as much practice with these bandages as he has had, I may be," said Herbert, irritation in his voice.

"I did not mean with bandages."

"What did you mean?"

"Haven't you any idea?"

"Say, what is this, a merry-go-round?"

"Would you call it that, sir?"

"I'd call it Poison Ivy."

"I wouldn't."

"No?"

"No! I'd call it—let me see—I'd call it—"

"It wouldn't come if you did!" snapped Herbert and in his confusion pulled at the bandages.

"Oh-h-h—" cried Katherine in pain.

"Now what's the matter?"

"You are terrible! I'm sorry you ever came to dress my arm."

Herbert was peeved. His dignity was hurt. He had been caught off guard. He had been worsted by a girl and, what was worse, had lost his temper. He had let her know that she had made him lose his self-control. Picking up his case he started for the door.

"My father will take care of you, from now on," he said.

Bill Cook was waiting for him in the office.

"What's the matter, Herbie? You look like a thunder storm."

"Did you hear her make a fool out of me? Why didn't you tell me who she was? Say! who is she?"

"Well, I'll be d—d! If our little Herbie isn't all flusterated. And over a woman, at that."

"Aw, shut up, you pumpkin head! It's all your fault. I didn't have a chance to catch my breath before she started. Talk about sarcasm! Wow! She's a whole load of it. Say, who is she?"

"How much will you give to know?"

"Now are you getting funny?"

"She is old man Lecary's daughter."

"So that's who she is! I thought she acted as though she owned the place."

"You're just miffed! She's a regular guy. Forget it!"

"Sure, I'll forget it! From now on I'm through with her. Goodbye!"

After Herbert had slammed the door, Katherine came into the office. Bill glanced toward her. She was laughing.

"I believe he must be angry," she suggested.

"Sure, he is."

"I'm sorry, because he is such a nice-looking boy. I really wouldn't want to offend him."

"Don't you worry," assured Bill. "He's not mad at you. He's mad at himself. You see, he didn't expect to find you in there. He thought it was some camp woman."

"I do wish he would come back again."

"Say, Miss Leary, when you've known that guy as long as I have, you'll never worry about his temper. Tomorrow he'll be back after more!"

"I hope so," and a wistful smile played over her face.

CHAPTER VI

HERBERT had always prided himself on his ability to cope with any circumstance; he had never before been caught in a situation where he was at a loss as to what to do. And to think that a woman had made a fool of him! The more he thought about it the more he became firmly convinced that here was a woman who needed someone to bring her down to earth—someone who would force her to respect the superiority of man. He decided that he would go back and that he would be prepared. She would not have the upper hand the next time, because he would be on guard. And, besides, what was the idea of a woman of her type being in a camp of lumberjacks? She had no business to be there. It served her right to have an arm broken. It should have been her neck! No, that would kill her, but anyway she was out of her place, and he was going to tell her so.

When he arrived home, he went directly to his father's room.

"Well, son, how's the patient?" inquired his father.

"Oh, I guess she is all right."

"You guess? Don't you know?"

"Well, what I'd like to know is why she had to come clear out here to break her arm."

"Did you ask her?"

"I didn't get a chance. She landed on me like a wild cat, and abused me every minute I was there."

"Oh!"

"She has a conceited idea that she can run the earth and every one on it."

"You don't say," smiled the doctor.

"And furthermore, just because she's Lecary's daughter isn't any reason that she is going to make a fool out of me," fumed Herbert.

"Well, well!"

"She thinks just because I'm new at the profession she is going to have a lot of fun at my expense."

"Too bad, too bad!"

"I'll show her up. The trouble with her is too much money. She's just a pampered, headstrong little vixen."

"My, my!"

"I'm going back there tomorrow and tell her just what kind of a person she is. It will be good for her to have some one set her down right!"

"Of course, son, that is just what I would do!" answered the doctor, keeping his face serious with difficulty. "I'd go over there and give her the d—I. Tell her she's a mistake. Tell her you are going to show her up. Tell her she's out of place in the world; in fact, give her what Paddy gave the drum."

The doctor turned and left the room. As the door closed behind him, his face relaxed, and his shoulders shook in suppressed merriment. "He'll have plenty to do here," he chuckled.

Herbert stood thinking. He did not notice the quick exit of his father as out of the ordinary. He was too busy with his own thoughts to even notice the bantering tone of his father's answers. In reality, he had been thinking out loud. He didn't want sympathy. He didn't want anything, except vindication of his ability to stand upon his feet and hold his own, especially with women.

"Well, son," called the doctor through the open window. "Let's go! We've lots of work ahead and wounded pride will always die with age."

"Who said anything about pride?" retorted Herbert, but the doctor only smiled and his smile was one of contentment. His plan was working.

CHAPTER VII

THE SUMMER with all its splendor had passed. Herbert had made the most of it. Katherine was not at all the pampered vixen he had supposed. She was truly delightful.

The second meeting with her, which he had rehearsed so thoroughly before going, fell flat. She had such an understanding way, he thought, afterwards. Katherine's arm received more professional medical attention than ten ordinary arms should have received, but of course Katherine's arm was not like other people's.

By the fifth meeting, the arm had become a minor subject of conversation. Herbert had driven over in the morning and when he asked her if she wanted to go for a ride she had been delighted.

So they started off and drove down through winding trails, past thickets from which wild birds made the woods ring with glorious melody, to where the trail finally turned off into a clearing. The rays of the sun fell in great golden splashes on the needle-carpeted floor of the woods. Wild roses, millions of them, sent their fragrance up into the still morning air. The Cass River was just below, its pools of sparkling water catching all the colors of the rainbow and reflecting them back and forth until it seemed that surely there must be a thousand water sprites dancing in a mid-summer festival.

"Oh," exclaimed Katherine in delight. Just look at the roses! Did you know they were here?"

"Sure I did," Herbert replied. "That's why I brought you here."

Katherine turned and looked searchingly into Herbert's eyes. Her gaze was strangely disconcerting.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he questioned.

"I was just wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"You are different!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are different than I had pictured you."

"How had you pictured me?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I surely do!"

"I had pictured you as a rough and ready man. No feelings. Very materialistic and terribly uncouth."

"Are you sure I'm not like that?"

"No!" slowly, "not like that."

"Katherine, er—I mean Miss Leary—"

"Katherine will do, Herbert."

"I—I—just wanted you to know that—"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

Katherine said nothing further, but impulsively slipped her arm through his. Herbert picked her up bodily and carried her to the river's bank. There he picked armfuls of wild roses and made a crown wreath of them for Katherine.

Many times, on the way home, he wished to say things—foolish things, he felt—but something held him back. He told her that he would like to see her that evening if she would not be busy, and after making his round of calls and hastily eating supper, he started toward the camp.

The moon had just come up, a dreamy June moon, when he drove into the camp clearing. The Leary cottage was in a smaller clearing on the bank of the river.

Katherine was sitting in a swing seat near the river. Several days before, she had, in an outburst of enthusiasm engendered by the wonderful weather, covered the swing with a rope of roses. Herbert found her there, gazing pensively down into the flowing waters of the river, and he stood still for several minutes watching her. He knew that never again would he see so beautiful a face as hers, in its frame of roses.

Indeed the girl made a cameo-like picture, sitting so quietly and so sweetly in her rose-garlanded swing. The soft moonlight filtered down through the trees and brought the strength of her profile into high relief. A sudden, uncontrollable surge of feeling came over the watching man. A midsummer's madness seemed to take possession of his blood. His face felt unbearably warm and his knees shook beneath him.

He recognized the symptoms. He was in love, now and forever. He must tell her, now. Some unseen force propelled him from behind and, he never quite knew how, the girl was in his arms and he was awakening from his first kiss.

"Katherine, sweetheart!" he cried.

"You've been a long time, my darling," was all Katherine said.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOARD of Supervisors of Tuscola County had decided to bring the county seat and county records from the Forks to Centerville. The residents of the Forks decided that they did not care to have the records removed to Centerville, and to support their intentions hired Slim MacKenzie, a crack rifle shot, to stand guard day and night over the books and records of the county, all of which produced a very unhealthy condition for residents of the Forks outside of their immediate vicinity.

Doctor Frederick Hurd, Fred Remerick, and several others, decided that some one

ought to take advantage of the convivial spirits of Slim MacKenzie, and since Remerick was quite a convivial person himself, as well as a friend of Slim's, it was decided that he should go to the Forks, engage Slim in a game of cards and supply plenty of the spirit that cheers.

On the next Saturday night Remerick went to the Forks to visit Slim. Slim was delighted and readily drank Remerick's liquor. The game progressed. Slim won steadily and under the flush of victory drank all the more.

About eleven-thirty a dozen or more men from Centerville gathered in the west end of the Forks and, at a given signal, started to "shoot up" that end of the town.

Remerick suggested to Slim that he should go down and see what was the matter and offered to take Slim's place on guard. It was not hard to persuade Slim, in his drunken condition, to go.

Slim staggered down the street with a gun in each hand peering in every direction. Suddenly, from behind a bunch of trees, figures sprang out, threw a heavy blanket over his head, gagged him and tied him securely. These were the men from Centerville. Next, in order to make things more realistic, they proceeded to tie and gag Fred Remerick. A wagon was drawn up to the door and all the books and records piled into it. A basket of papers which was on the large desk in the corner was hurriedly wrapped in paper but as the bundle was thrown to the wagon a paper fell out. Dr. Hurd saw it and quickly slipped it into his pocket. A few lights had begun to appear in some of the houses and the boys knew that unless they got away immediately there might be something doing which was not on the program.

(To be continued)

Michigan's Tax Labyrinth—II

(Continued from page 9)

today, from the standpoint of rapid communication and transportation, is smaller than was the average township fifty years ago.

"Viewed solely from the standpoint of good government there can be little doubt that every township function can, in the present age, be performed by the county more efficiently, more economically and more satisfactorily."

Many students of local government in Michigan are advocating consolidation of counties. Certainly, in the very sparsely settled and cut-over sections of Michigan there is no need for as many counties as exist at present. Michigan would probably be run much more efficiently with a total of fifty counties than with eighty-three.

The State Government can decrease its expenses when it eliminates perceptibly the spoils system in politics. There are too many employes on the state's payroll by fully twenty-five per cent. The necessity for many of the functions now performed by the State Government should be thoroughly studied. There can be some elimination in the functions performed by the state government.

Again, the matter of pressure enters into the consideration of State budgets by the Legislature. Groups of citizens throughout the state are always present to urge the increasing of appropriations.

Seldom, if ever, does a group of citizens appear before the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives or the finance committee of the Senate at Lansing, to protest against requested appropriations. The members of these committees by their own volition must make these cuts; and it is a source of great satisfaction to know that while property taxes for other purposes have increased 150 per cent in the last ten years, for State purposes the tax has increased approximately forty-five per cent. Whatever can be done by the State in the way of economy can only be a gesture so far as relieving property from taxation is concerned.

Board of Appeal Needed

Mr. Powell, in his article last month, argued for the Indiana plan of controlling local expenditures by setting up a Board of Appeal. I am in hearty accord with Mr. Powell in this respect. The taxation situation in the cities, villages and school districts of Michigan has amply demonstrated that there must be some power of appeal to which the taxpayer can go if there is to be any stabilization of taxing power and public expenditures.

The great burden of taxation for the rural taxpayer today is brought about by Covert road assessments and the cost of rural schools. Naturally, these taxes have been voted by the taxpayers themselves in most of the counties in the state. In those counties contiguous to a large city, such as Detroit, the Covert roads have been built largely over the protests of the rural residents by real estate speculators who have obtained control of a sufficient amount of acreage to petition the county road commission for such roads.

The Covert road situation can and no doubt will be controlled in the present session of the legislature.

We then come to the question of school, township, city and county expenditures. John Nagel, president of the Detroit City Council, in a recent address stated that in the last twenty years Detroit had added 300 new governmental functions to the costs of local self-government. Many of these functions that have been added to the Detroit tax bill, and are being performed in a more or less satisfactory way, should be borne by the citizens themselves. And if the taxpayer is to continue to live and own property and have an income, the citizens will either have to do without these services or else pay for them themselves at the time they receive the service.

Business Methods in Government

Many cities in Michigan are well-governed. Some of them have no bonded debt of any kind and are on a strictly pay-as-you-go basis. In those cities business men have been added to the commission, or to the executive board, and have adopted the same business methods in city government as they use in the conduct of their private affairs. The tax rate in cities thus managed is low and assessments fair. But there are other cities that are not so well favored. For that reason, many would like to see the Indiana plan of review adopted in Michigan, so that the acts of extravagant city officials might be given publicity and the public would actually know what its money was being spent for.

One of the best examples of what pub-

licity upon a city budget can do is the City of Detroit. Mr. Ralph Stone, a banker, organized a committee of business men to study the budget of the City of Detroit. After the study, the committee recommended that the total of the budget remain at what it was the year before, even though there were sufficient departmental requests to double it. At first the Detroit City Council did not take kindly to the suggestions of Mr. Stone and the members of the committee. The newspapers were invited to sit in at the conferences and studies of the budget and report these discussions to the public. Within three weeks, the City Council was glad to receive the reports of the so-called Stone Committee, and adopted most of its recommendations.

What most taxpayers want to be sure of is that their money is honestly spent for the necessary things in government. Daylight, the spotlight, or any other kind of light upon a tax budget should be welcomed by any public official. There is no reason why any public official should fear review by an appellate body of his budget or proposals for bond issues or any other scheme that has for its purpose the increasing of the tax burden of the particular community. The efficient, honest official will welcome publicity and assist in the reviews. He will welcome the opportunity to sell the public upon his program.

The opposition to such reviews, it appears, will come from those who fear they cannot justify, in the face of public opinion, the proposals for increasing expenditures which they have attempted to put into effect.

Too Many Cogs in the Wheel

In Michigan, the whole structure of government from the State down to the smallest locality needs revision in the light of modern experience and modern methods. Until we have adopted simplified machinery in government, until we have made government operate as effectively as we do machines in business, it will do no good to propose other sources of revenue.

After our system of government has been revamped, reorganized and simplified, then it is time to consider how these governmental functions shall be financed with the greatest equality to all of the citizens. My appeal is for elimination of much overlapping government in the state, and for more interest in government on the part of the taxpayers and the citizens. I could go into much detail discussing budgeting, uniform accounting and other details of governmental systems which should be adopted, but all of these will come with the simplification and modernization of our antiquated New England system of state and local government. When these changes have been brought about, and with them have come economy and efficiency of operation, then we can meet and discuss from what sources shall come the revenues for the operation of the governmental machine. Until then, new sources and changes in the system of raising money will have no effect and will accomplish nothing toward the betterment of the conditions of the people of Michigan.

Golfer—"Terrible links, caddy, terrible!"

Caddy—"Sorry, sir, these ain't links—you got off them an hour ago."

Michigan Homes and Gardens

(Continued from page 15)

determine what sort of plants you can have. If you must have certain plants then you must get the rocks which please them. Rich soil around the rocks is not good at all. Sad results come from over-feeding rock plants; they give much foliage but little bloom. The soil should be gravelly loam or sandy loam with peat or leaf-mold mixed in. A very good practice is to mulch the rock garden every winter with a light covering of leaves, letting them decay and filling in around the plants that have worked up in the soil or where the soil has washed away. Commercial fertilizers and manures should never be applied.

Drainage Is Important

The rocks ought to be placed so that water falling between them will run down into the pockets of earth beside them. It is a mistake to lay rocks horizontally and expect plants to grow in them. Such a position does not allow proper drainage. Also, the "pockets" between the rocks should be of various sizes and shapes.

Some alpine plants make large bushy masses which overhang strongly. Others are dense mats hugging the ground.

There are literally thousands of kinds of alpine plants now growing quite successfully in rock gardens, throughout the United States. There are several hundred sedums alone. Other large species of plants are the pinks in some forty varieties all suitable for rock gardens, the campanulas in eight or ten varieties, the alyssums, rock jasmine or androsace, arabis, arenaria or sandwort, armeria or sea thrift, rock cress or aubretia, cerastium, edelweiss, many sorts of ferns (particularly if plants are in shaded portions of the garden or near water), hepaticas, heucheras, dwarf or pumila iris, certain kinds of flax, forget-me-nots, nepeta or cat mint, Iceland poppies, moss pinks or ground phlox, primulas in several varieties, ten or twelve more common saxifrages, old-fashioned thyme, trollius, veronica of several kinds and any of the violas. There are some bulbs particularly adapted to rock gardens, among them Clusiana tulips, grape hyacinths, autumn- and spring-flowering crocus, snowdrops, daffodils, narcissi, scillas (especially nutans and sciberica) and any of the botanical or wild species of tulips. Among the shrubs which do well in rock gardens are cotoneasters, particularly horizontalis, Japanese barberry, azaleas, daphne cneorum, erica and euonymus. Evergreens are much used also. Some of the more common ones are the arbor vitae, mugho pines and junipers. The junipers come now in all sorts of trailing varieties, any of which is suited to rock garden work. Several kinds of the rose family are at home among the rocks. Chief among them is the Alpine or eglantine rose. Wichuriana roses trail down over embankments and are sometimes used. Some perennials are sometimes used, but they should be added sparingly and with care.

"Say, mister," said a little fellow to a next door neighbor, "are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma says to come and take them back."

America's Music Capital

(Continued from page 18)

to spend their time most profitably. The entire life of the camp is based on friendly rivalry and there is competition every week, in all phases of camp activities. The result is that these boys and girls go back to their homes with a quiet confidence in themselves and a determination to succeed."

The National High School Orchestra and Band Camp grew out of an assemblage of 250 players, chosen from thirty states which gathered at Detroit, in 1926, to play for the Music Supervisors' National Conference. The orchestra was given only four days of training before being conducted by Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Joseph Maddy.

Their success was so instantaneous that this one performance established music once and for all in the public schools of America. Creation of a National Camp to train the best of these young musicians followed a second assemblage of this orchestra at Chicago, in 1927, and a third at Dallas, Texas, in 1928. The idea of a summer camp was first talked of at this engagement in Dallas and, after months of hard work, the dogged persistence of Dr. Maddy established the camp at Interlochen.

Finances were the chief worry of the leaders of this music ideal for two years, but in 1930 the camp was a spectacular success, financially and musically.

Sixty buildings make up this camp, and they include thirty-five residence cottages for students and faculty—all equipped with hot and cold running water, tub and shower baths, and electric lights; eleven classroom buildings; three club houses; the camp hospital; assembly and mess halls; camp store; library building; two practice buildings; two beach houses and Interlochen Bowl.

\$20,000 Worth of Music

Interlochen Bowl, the camp's outdoor auditorium, is unequalled for beauty and acoustic properties. The stage will accommodate 300 musicians and the orchestra pit 150 more. Back of the stage are dressing rooms, broadcasting rooms, piano, library and instrument rooms.

The camp library, which requires the services of three librarians, contains nearly \$20,000 worth of music for orchestra, band, chorus and ensembles, as well as text books and reference material. Most of this music has been donated to the camp by publishers.

With approximately 150 hours of playing together, the members of the orchestra gain an experience which could not be duplicated anywhere else in the world. Their repertoire for the 1930 season included seventy-one compositions. The band repertoire contained 108 selections.

The camp has a weekly newspaper, issued every Sunday morning during the camp season. It is devoted to general camp news and interviews with guest conductors and distinguished visitors. A weekly magazine of forty-eight pages is another feature of the yearly activities. This magazine contains information as to personnel, faculty, statistics and general news. "The Overture," camp year book, is published each September.

The daily schedule, as featured in "The Overture," is interesting. In 1930, the

students followed this routine:

- 7:00 Bugle. Exercise. Dip in lake.
- 7:30 Breakfast.
- 8:00 Domestic warfare.
- 8:35 Cottage inspection.
- Leave for orchestra rehearsal.
- 9:00 Orchestra rehearsal.
- 11:00 Choir. Boating and classes.
- 12:30 Dinner.
- 12:30-1:30—Quiet hour—no music.
- 1:30 Classes and recreation.
- 2:30 Band and classes.
- 4:15 Sectional rehearsals.
- Recreation.
- 6:00 Supper.
- 7:30 Sight-reading. Lecture.
- Radio broadcasting rehearsal.
- Concert.
- 9:30 Report to counselors.
- 9:50 Tattoo. (Ready for bed.)
- 10:00 Taps.

Outdoor Michigan

(Continued from page 11)

simple, direct and effective. Whenever a bear cub breaks the rule of bear behavior, she cuffs him a stiff reprimand. In spite of this rough treatment, however, she is a devoted mother, as many a hunter has learned when he tried to steal her cubs.

The skunk is another light sleeper—in fact, it might almost be said that he does not sleep at all. The raccoon has almost the same habit, and neither of them misses an opportunity to come out when there is a thaw or mild weather. In late spring, the skunk's litter is born—from four to ten young. There are few prettier sights in nature than a mother skunk leading abroad her family of babies, perhaps no larger than chipmunks, each a replica of herself.

It is true that there is a common resentment against the skunk, and a lack of regard for him, but there is no real basis for this feeling. The skunk's odor, for which he is chiefly and least favorably known, is due to a special glandular secretion which is never used, except in defense against an enemy. "The animal has many admirable qualities," says Edward A. Preble, of the United States Biological Survey, "one being his invariable tendency to attend to his own business."

Fur Bearers Becoming Extinct

The latest sleeper of them all is Zapus, the jumping mouse—that exquisite creature with the long tail and kangaroo legs. Last fall, he made his nest of leaves and grass down in the ground, where he lay like a tiny ball just out of the frost's reach, fast asleep. If he made his nest in a field destined for corn this year, he will be plowed out of bed this spring, so late a sleeper is he. The bluebirds, robins and song sparrows will have been back for weeks, the fields will be turning green, and as for the flowers, there will be a long procession of them started before this pretty little sleepy-head rubs his eyes and digs himself out to see the new spring arrived ahead of him.

When Zapus awakens and begins to stir about, the last of the sleepers has come forth. Most of these animals are seldom seen by the average woods-stroller or outdoorsman. Some of them are nocturnal in their habits. Gradually, they are becoming scarcer in Michigan, until many of them are on the verge of extinction.

"I Say, Mr. Editor—"

MYRON DAVID ORR, author of "Rubber Lines," which begins in this issue, was born and has spent much of his life in the Cass River Valley which he depicts.

One of his grandfathers was the first practicing physician in Tuscola County. His other grandfather was a pioneer lumberman. His father was a lawyer and was for a time the county clerk.

The physician grandfather kept a copious diary, and this has provided much of the original source material for the story.

Mr. Orr began his writing as a Marine during the World War, in an attempt to keep his mind off the gruesome sights visible from his window while he lay on his back in the hospital at Chateauroux, France.

After the War he spent several years as a State forest ranger, a member of the Michigan Game Survey, a newspaper reporter and a magazine editor. He graduated from the Detroit College of Law in 1928, and is now engaged in the active practice of law at Caro.

A brother, Herbert Orr, also of Caro,

60,000 FACTS

OUR READERS will be interested to know that the Directory of Michigan Lakes and Streams which they are soon to receive, will contain more than 60,000 facts about the lakes of Michigan. These facts have been gathered from many sources, over a period of six months, through the co-operation of nearly 700 individuals and agencies. This has been a tremendous task and even the work of preparing the final copy for the printer has required many hours of tedious labor on the part of the editors.

is a State Senator. Another brother, Robert K. Orr, is president of the Wolverine Insurance Company, of Lansing.

Myron David Orr has written extensively since his illness at Chateauroux began his "writing streak." While attending the Detroit College of Law he wrote four musical comedies, which were produced in Detroit. He is also the author of a number of short stories and plays.

THE LURE OF CALIFORNIA has called many former Michigan residents away from their native state, but apparently they still have a soft spot in their hearts for Michigan. Miss Bee Batten, of Los Angeles, California, writes:

"It was with a great deal of pleasure that I perused the Magazine of Michigan for January. As a transplanted Michigander to the Golden State of California this magazine carried an instant appeal.

"The Lumberjack," from the pen of Hazel B. Girard, was intensely interesting. You are to be commended in securing the writings of such gifted authors, which makes for the success of your instructive and inspiring magazine."

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It focuses upon the things in which
5,000,000 people are interested



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They come to have a more adequate con-
ception of the scope of Michigan's vast resources

And they realize that they, too, are a
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